BOMBAY GAZETTE

VOLUME XXV.] WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1814. [NUMBER 1254.

Boyce, Kempt & Co.

THIS DAY, WEDNESDAY THE 15TH INSTANT,
WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION,
At their Room

The following wines and other articles imported by Captain Lochner, of the Honorable Cohpany's ship *Lady Melville* and which will be put up in small Lots for the convenience of Purchasers.

PORT from Harper, Robertson, Paxton, and Nisbett in Quarts.
Ditto, in Pipes,
Claret from Maxwel and Keys, Robertson and Gardiner &Co.
Hock from Paxton & Co.
Porter, in 36 Gallon Barrels,
Cherry Brandy Noyeau &c. &c.
White Wine Vinegar in half Hhds.
Durham Mustard,
Fine Sallad Oil,
A few Choice Novels,
Beer Corks,

Bombay, 15th June 1814.

Baxter, Ferrar & Co.

WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
Tomorrow, Thursday the 16th Inst.
AT THEIR ROOMS
IN MEADOW STREET,

A FEW Remaining Chests of Port Wine, another Trunk of Cotton Hosiery, some Mogul Cards, a few dozens of Sallad Oil, & Mustard, which will be put up in small lots for the convenience of purchasers.

ALSO

On the same Day will be sold some Articles of Houshold Furniture, Plate, Glass Ware, &c. and several Saddle Horses.

Bombay, 15th June, 1814.

A CARD.

The remainder of CAPT. BIRCH's investment will continue for sale at his house in Nesbitt's lane until Friday the 17th Instant when it will be sold by auction by MESSRS. BOYCE KEMPT & Co. as per advertisement in this day's paper.

Bombay, 15th June 1814.

Boyce, Kempt & Co.

ON FRIDAY NEXT THE 17TH INSTANT,
WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
At Captain Birch's House
IN NESBETT'S LANE,
NEXT DOOR TO
SIR ROGER de FARIA'S,

THE following Articles inported by the H. C. Ship CABALVA, and which will be put up in as small Lots as the nature of the Packages will allow for the convenience of the Purchasers.

47 Casks of Hodgson's pale Ale on account of the Shippers to be put up in lots of one cask each.
Brandy—in Bottles.
Hollands—ditto.
Hock in small casks of 30 Gallons each.
Vin de Grave in Hogsheads.
Barsac—ditto.
Port wine—ditto.
Madeira in Pipes.
Teneriff in ditto.
Port Wine in Bottles.
Claret from different Houses.
French claret in one dozen cases.
Barsac in Bottles, French.
Barsac in Bottles English.
Madeira in Bottles.
One sett of Curricle and Gig Harness.
Elegant Brass Bedsteads.
One Grand Piano Forte.
Gatelle Boards.
Fowling pieces from Nock and Richards.
Few dozens of Cotton half stocking.
An Invoice of Glass Ware.
Complete Setts of Pewter Plates, Dishes, Curry Dishes &c. for a dinner service.
A Variety of useful Articles of Tin Cooking Machines.

The Sale to commence at 11 in the morning.

Bombay, 15th June, 1814.

Notice is Hereby Given,

THAT
BOYCE, KEMPT & CO.
This Day WEDNESDAY, the 15th Instant.
WILL SELL
BY PUBLIC AUCTION
AT THE HOUSE
Occupied by
CAPTAIN HAMILTON,
KNOWN BY THE NAME OF
"The Armenian House,"
IN TAMARIND LANE,
OPPOSITE
Messrs. Baxter, Ferrar & Co's,

45 CASKS of PALE ALE from *Hodgson's*, imported by the *Ship* BOMBAY; for and on account of the Shippers.

The Sale to commence at 11 o'clock in the Forenoon.

Bombay, 15th June, 1814.

INSURANCE ON LIVES.

THE UNION SOCIETY, established at CALCUTTA for Insurance on Lives, will issue Policies for Shares, payable out of the Funds of the Society arising from Insurances as follows.

Fixed Policies *entitling the assured to a payment of Calcutta Sicca Rupees 2,000 per Share at 6 months after proof of lapse of the Life Insured: or, at the option of the assured.*

Eventual Policies, *entitling the assured to an immediate payment of Calcutta Sicca Rupees 1,000 per Share, on proof as above, together with a due proportion of the ultimate benefits of the Society to the 30th April 1809, on a division of the surplus Funds among share-holders on lapsed Lives under Eventual Policies.*

The Society will Insure to the extent of 20 Shares on approved Lives. in one Policy, or subdivided by Shares as may be required, and the premiums for different Ages on Insurances, which shall be effected during 1814 are, as follows, in Bombay Rupees per Shares, vizt.

Under 25 years of Age 56 Rupees renewable on 1st May 1815 for 6 months, and thence forward half yearly paying at each renewal 28 Rupees.

	Rs.			Rs.
Aged 25 & under	30 do.	64	renewable as above for	32
30	35 do.	72	ditto	36
35	40 do.	80	ditto	40
40	45 do.	90	ditto	45
45	50 do.	106	ditto	53
50	55 do.	126	ditto	65
55	60 do.	156	ditto	78
60	65 do.	196	ditto.	99

On Insurances effected after 1814, an enhanced premium will be required of which notice will be given.

The Managers may decline any Life, without assigning any reason, and also stipulate for an encreased rate of premium where the state of health or constitution of the Person to be insured may appear to require it, but the premium once fixed remains until the close of the Society in April 1819.

Applications for Insurance are to be accompanied by a Medical Certificate and Affidavit in the following form, of which printed Copies may be had at the Office of Messrs. SHOTTON, CALDER, & Co. where the Regulations at length, Forms of the Policies, &c. &c. may also be seen.

CERTIFICATE FOR ADMISSION INTO THE UNION SOCIETY, INSTITUTED AT CALCUTTA IN 1814, FOR ASSURANCE ON LIVES.

This is to certify that of whose Rank, occupation or profession is that of is at this date free from any dangerous Bodily complaint and from all Bodily complaint with out exception, with exception. as stated by me in a Sealed Note of this date, addressed to the Medical Managers of the Union Society Calcutta, and I declare, from my knowledge of the habits, constitution and general state of health of the said during a period of or thereabouts as well as from the Statement relating to his Health which he has this day given me, that I consider him to be a good Life.

Strike out the words "without exception" or as the case may require these which immediately follow to the word "Calcutta" inclusive.

☞ The Sealed Note will be inspected by the Medical Gentlemen only of the Management.

Given under my Hand at this day of One Thousand Eight Hundred and

AFFIDAVIT.

The Name at-full length.

I do hereby make oath and declare to the best of my knowledge and belief, that the contents of the above Certificate are true, and I have not wilfully or designedly concealed from the Directors thereof any Bodily complaint or infirmity to which I am subject; and I have had the Small or Cow Pox, that my Age does not at this time exceed years and months, that I have been years and not absent in India that my rank occupation or is that of and my usual place of abode is

Sworn before me at this day of 181

Insurances may be effected in this Society on a risk to commence at a future period under conditions explained in Art. V. of the Regulations; and also on the Lives of absentees may commence with the date of the Medical Certificate and Affidavit as explained in Art. VI.

With a view of perpetuating the Insurance by a succession of Societies of a like nature, a SUPPLEMENTARY FUND has been established under the same management, bnt distinct from the Funds of the Union Soeiety; to which the insured of that Society are invited to Subscribe for an equal or any smaller number of shares: their option however must be taken on the issue of their Policies from the Union Society, but their subscriptions may subsequently be discontinued wholly or partially by shares without affecting their Policies.

The contributions to this Fund will be levied on separate receipts as follows,—

Aged under 25 years, to pay Bombay Rupees, 5 0, 2 reas per shares on admission, and Rupees 2-3 on each subsequent renewal of the corresponding Policy per share.

			R. Q.		R. Q.
Aged 25 & under	30 years	as above	5 2	& on renewal	2 3
" 30	- 35	-	6	-	3
" 35	- 40	-	7 0	-	3 2
" 40	- 45	-	8	-	4
" 45	- 50	-	9 2	-	4 3
" 50	- 55	-	12 0	-	6
" 55	- 60	-	15 0	-	7 2

It is proposed that the accumulated amount of the SUPPLEMENTARY FUND with Interest, after providing for incidental charges, shall under considerations explained at length in the Regulations, be paid over to a Society which will be established on similar principles before the close of the present Society in consideration of its admitting all surviving Members of the present Union Society who may have maintained a corresponding interest in the SUPPLEMENTARY FUND, without any renewed warranty of health; but at an advanced premium proportioned to the Age of the party on the 1st May 1819

Messrs. SHOTTON CALDER & Co. have been appointed at BOMBAY to receive and forward applications for Insurance to Messrs. Mackintosh, Fulton and McClintock, the Agents of the Society in Calcutta, and on approval by the Managers, Policies will be forwarded accordingly to Messrs. SHOTTON CALDER & Co. who will receive the premium due on the issue thereof and also on the half yearly renewals, and grant receipts for the same. together with receipts for Subscriptions to the Supplementary Fund.

Bombay, 15th June 1824.

A CARD.

MESSRS. FORBES & CO. beg to announce that they are authorized to grant Policies on account of the Star Insurance Company of Calcutta.

Bombay, 15th June, 1814.

NAUTICAL CHRONICLE.
AND NAVAL REPORT.

BOMBAY.

ARRIVED.—June 9th, Ship Mary Ann, Captain N. Brisay, from Madras

SAILED.—June 7th, His Majesty's Ship Acorn, Joseph Prior Esq. Captain, to Bussora

BOMBAY.

On Monday, the 6th instant, Captain Delamotte, Commanding Officer of the Pioneer Corps, to Miss [illegible], daughter of the late Charles Watkins Esq. of the Bombay Civil Service."

MARRIAGES.]—Yesterday morning Captain Lechmere Russel, of the Honourable Company's Artillery, to Miss Woodhouse, eldest daughter of O. Woodhouse Esq. Barrister at Law.

DEATH.

At Vittoria in Spain on the 27th of August last of his wounds in the battle of the 28th of July, Major Lawrence Arnot of the 92d line and 12th Portuguese, youngest Son of the late Hugo Arnot Esq. of Balcormo, although he was still suffering from severe wounds in the breast, the arm and the neck which in the opinion of the medical board disabled him from further service his characteristic intrepidity carried him again to the field where he received a fatal wound at the head of the 12th Portuguese, which Regiment likewise behaved so gallantly under his command in the battle of Salamanca that he received public thanks for his conduct.

The Gazette.

BOMBAY, JUNE 15, 1814.

NO Intelligence, whatever, from the Gulph, having arrived, since our last, we are compelled to content ourselves with giving the most interesting extracts, we can, from the different papers now in our possession.

A letter was yesterday received from a passenger on board the Webster, dated "Cape of Good Hope, 9th of March."—From that it appears she was to proceed on to St. Helena,

where the Lion would be detained for her and the other Extra Ships, which sailed from hence. The Carmarthen had sailed about ten days before, but it was nevertheless expected that the Webster would join her at St. Helena, that they would all proceed to England together.

Francfort Journals.

General Decaen commandant of Antwerp has received orders to defend this place to the laft extremity. Besides 21 ships of the line which are in the port, there are 6 ſtill upon the ſtocks, two and three deckers, which are nearly finiſhed. General Decaen, on the 21ſt December, on taking poſſeſſion of his command, publiſhed a proclamation in which he made known the great value which the Emperor attached to the preſervation of Antwerp.

General Bulow arrived here yeſterday at noon with his *état major*.

FRANCFORT,—23D JAN.

His Excellency M. Field Marſhal Bluchier addreſſed the following proclamation to the French before paſſing the boundaries of old France.

Marſhal Blucher to the French. Frenchmen, I have paſſed the Rhine with the army of Sileſia. Accuſtomed to victory, it now directs itſelf upon old France. Think not that we are come to revenge ourſelves, and to bring upon you in your turn all the evils which you have done to us. You were but the inſtrument of the inſatiable ambition of your ſovereign; and we have no other end but to ſecure the liberty and independance of nations by a prompt and ſolid peace.

But the Emperor Napoleon, far from wiſhing at length to give that repoſe ſo deſired by the univerſe is againſt entering into negociations while the war is going on, becauſe he only deſires an armiſtice, which, like that concluded in Sileſia, may permit him to re-eſtabliſh himſelf and to continue the preſent ſtruggle, by ſacrificing for the moſt unjuſt cauſe the blood of the French, and the laſt reſources of their country.

We carry arms only againſt the enemies of peace and againſt thoſe who are ſtill blind enough to enter the ranks of an army which is only aſſembling to make the war of eternal duration.

Remain thus peaceably at your employments and in your houſes. Your property will then be reſpected. I will alleviate among you the burden of war, and you may be ſure of my protection. Aſk from your neighbours of the German Departments how they are treated by their *ſoi-diſant* enemies. But from the moment my troops arrive among you, all communication with the Government, the authorities, and the troops of the French Empire muſt ceaſe. He who obeys not this order becomes guilty of high treaſon againſt the Allied powers and will be puniſhed with death.

DE BLUCHER.

H. S. H. Mme. la Ducheſſe de Saxe Cobourg yeſterday paſſed through our city.

H. Excellency M. le count de Schulenberg, miniſter of H. H. the Duke of Brunswick arrived here yeſterday.

GENEVA.—23D JAN.

According to private accounts, the Auſtrian troops under the orders of Field Marſhal Count de Bubna, entered Lyon on the 20th at 9 o'Clock in the morning, without ſtriking a blow, by virtue of a capitulation concluded between the Mayor of that city and M. le Comte de Bubna.

M. le General de Zachmeiſter who ſet out on the 16th to go to Chambery, found ſome reſiſtance at Rumilly; he entered Aix on the 19th, and it is ſuppoſed will not delay becoming maſter of Chambery, where there are few troops The Generals Deſſaix and Dupas, who were there, expected reinforcements from the South of France and from Italy.

There is a report that General Dupas has been made priſoner, with 400 of his men, in an action which took place near Chambery.

Engliſh Extracts.

FROM THE MORNING HERALD, 2d July.

Yeſterday ſe'nnight a Committee of the Privy Council, conſiſting of his Honour the Maſter of the Rolls, his Honour the Vice-Chancellor, the Judge of the Admiralty, and Sir John Nicoll, Dean of the Arches, aſſembled at Whitehall, for the final hearing of an Appeal from the Recorder's Court of Bombay, in a long-conteſted diſpute between two Parſee inhabitants of that Iſland. Mr. Threepland, late Advocate-General at Bombay, was heard in reply, on the part of the Appellants, in the abſence of Mr. Adam, who was obliged to give his attendance in the Houſe of Lords on the Stafford Peerage, when, after conſulting together for ſome time, their Lordſhips were pleaſed to reverſe the judgement of the Court below, on the principal point in the cauſe, making a difference to the Appellants of from 26to 30,000 ! ſterling.

Mr. Stephenſon of Bombay was we underſtand ſolicitor for the appellants.

We extract the following account of the Crown Prince of Sweden, and of the prevailing ſentiments in that country laſt ſummer, from the Travels of Dr. Thomſon:—

"Nothing would have been eaſier for the Crown Prince than to have induced Sweden to enter into an alliance with France. The Swediſh nobility have all had a French education, and they have adopted a good deal of the manners and opinions of that volataile and unprincipled nation. The Swedes have been ſo long accuſtomed to an alliance with France, that it has become in ſome meaſure natural to the nation. They have imbibed the opinions which Buonaparte has divulged with ſo much induſtry, reſpecting the danger of Great Britain holding the dominion of the ſea, and the injury which Britiſh commerce and Britiſh manufactures do to other nations.—Theſe opinions I admit to be inconſiſtent with the knowledge of the firſt principles of commerce, and even of common ſenſe, and ſhow a moſt miſerable ignorance of the real intereſts and real ſtate of Europe. Yet I have heard them gravely maintained by ſome of the moſt ſenſible men in Sweden.—If to all this we add the ſame treatment which they have met with from the Ruſſians, and the natural jealouſy which every nation muſt have of a powerful and encroaching neighbour, we ſhall not be ſurprized that the great body of the Swedes in the preſent war take the part of the French, and are ſecretely hoſtile to Britain as Ruſſia. When I was at Stockholm, this appeared very ſtrongly marked. When any news arrived of ſucceſſes gained by the Ruſſians, the faces of every one you met indicated diſappointment and uneaſineſs. When news arrived of ſucceſſes gained by the French, every perſon was in ecſtacy.—I except from this the German and Britiſh merchants who reſide in Sweden, and who conſtitute a ſmall but reſpectable and wealthy body.

"As ſoon as Bernadotte was elected Crown Prince of Sweden, ſome of the Swediſh Biſhops went over to Denmark, and made him ſign a renunciation of the Roman Catholic religion, and an acknowledgement that he had embraced the Lutheran tenets. At the ſame time he was baptized by the name of Charles John *(Carl Johan)*. When he landed in Sweden he was met by a nobleman ſent by the Diet to receive him. As ſoon as they met they embraced. By ſome accident the two Bars with which they were decorated caught hold of each other, ſo that when they attempted to ſeparate, they found themſelves entangled. "Monſeigneur," ſaid the nobleman, "nous nous ſommes attaché." "J'eſpère," anſwered the Crown Prince without heſitation, "qu'il eſt pour jamais." Soon after his arrival in Sweden, he ſent his wife and his whole family out of the country, except his eldeſt ſon, Prince Oscar, a boy about fourteen years of age. It is well known that at preſent the reſt of his family is in France. This ſtep occaſioned a good deal of ſpeculation in Sweden, and much anxiety to know the reaſon of a conduct apparently ſo unnatural. A nobleman one day ſaid to him, that the Swedes had always been accuſtomed to hear a great deal concerning the Royal family; that they would of courſe be very inquiſitive about his family, and on that account he wanted to know from his Royal Highneſs what anſwer he ſhould give if any perſon aſked him about the family of the Crown Prince: "In that caſe," replied Bernadotte, "you may ſay that you know nothing about the matter."

"The Crown Prince ſeems, in fact, to be really the King of Sweden. Charles XIIIth. never appears in public, and he is ſo old and infirm, that he is not probably able to manage the affairs of the Kingdom, were he even ſo inclined. The firſt care of the Crown Prince was to reſtore the army which had been deſtroyed during the unfortunate wars of the late King, and bring it again to a ſtate of reſpectability. The French mode of levying troops by conſcription, which the late King had in vain attempted to introduce, was reſorted to. The Swediſh army at preſent amounts to 50,000 men, beſides the ſupplementary troops, who may be 30,000 more, but are chiefly boys or young men under 20. All the troops are dreſſed in French uniform, and the French tactics have been introduced into all the regiments. I ſaw a review of about 6000 Swediſh troops. The orders were given by the Crown Prince himſelf, and the ſkill of the troops, and the rapidity of their movements, ſeemed to me to be very great. Every Swediſh ſoldier has a houſe and a piece of ground aſſigned to him, by the cultivation of which he ſupports himſelf when not in the field. When called out, he is ſupported by Government. By this contrivance the Swediſh army coſts the country much leſs than it otherwiſe would do. The men are kept from vice, and their health and hardihood is probably promoted. When they are collected for drill, the firſt thing they do every morning on aſſembling is to ſing a hymn. This practice they follow likewiſe when they go into action. It is ſaid to have originated with Guſtavus Adolphus.

"The Crown Prince ſeems to be very popular in Sweden, every body ſpoke well of him: When he paſſed by the ranks of the Swediſh troops he was received with huzzas. He is a middle aged man, with a very dark complexion, an agreeable expreſſive countenance, but a little diſfigured by the ſize of his noſe. He cannot expreſs himſelf intelligibly in Swediſh. The perſon who has the charge of his horſes is an Engliſhman, who has been with him theſe eight years."

Anecdotes.—The Rev. Mr. Euſtace in his Tour through Italy gives us ſome curious anecdotes of our Ally, Ferdinand King of Sicily. The King's erudition and knowledge at times, he ſays, came out in a way "to ſtartle even well-trained Courtiers." Thus mention being made one day of the magnitude of the Turkiſh power in former times, his Majeſty was graciouſly pleaſed to obſerve, "that it was no wonder, as all the world were Turks before the birth of our Saviour.

Upon another occaſion, the converſation turned on the murder of Loius XVI. and a Courtier having alluded to the execution of Charles 1ſt as a parallel caſe, the King treated it as a pure fiction—"depend upon it," ſaid he, "it is a mere tale trumped up by the Jacobins at Paris to excuſe their own guilt."

Mr. Euſtace, however, ſubjoins ſome anecdotes highly creditable to Ferdinand's heart and feelings. His manners are eaſy—his converſation affable—and his mental endowments are in the ſtate beſt fitted for his ſituation and office—that of mediocrity without either defect or excellency—for he is of opinion, "that if a Monarch is one degree below this happy mark, he becomes the tool of every deſigning knave about his perſon, whether valet or miniſter; if only one degree above it, he becomes reſtleſs and unintentionally miſchievous; if curſed with genius, he turns out a conqueror and a deſpot" He afterwards introduces a remark on the danger of having too much virtue and popularity on the throne, and he concludes in a ſtrain truly alarming to the freedom of theſe realms—"that it is advantageous to the cauſe of liberty that the chief magiſtrate ſhould not be of a character too popular and engaging."

Coupling this with the rule laid down at Naples, ſay the Edinburgh Reviewers—"for the dimenſions of the Royal intellect, we ſhall arrive at the true delineation of a patriotic king. He muſt neither be a wiſe nor a virtuous perſonage. On the contrary, if his talents are of the moſt ordinary deſcription; his manners, habits and propenſities are diſguſting in the eyes of his people; and his vices fitted to ſecure their hatred, then is the ſtate ſafe. It is rather awful to reflect what riſks the liberties of ſome countries have been runing during the laſt half century." [*Morng. Chron.*

BALANCE OF POWER.

The re-eſtabliſhment and maintenance of a Balance of power in Europe is the avowed object of the preſent war; it is the cementing principle of the alliance which connects us with the great Powers of the Continent; it has united all ranks and all parties amongſt ourſelves in approbation of the meaſures of our own Government. On the other hand, the French Government has, on many occaſions, rejected and repudiated this baſis of exterior policy; but moſt expreſsly in the official report of December 13, 1810, on the annexation of Holland. The words are theſe: "The times are paſt, when the "conceptions of ſome ſtateſmen gave authority "in the publie opinion to the ſyſtem of balan-"ces, of guarantees, of counterpoiſe, of politi-"cal equilibrium. Pompous illuſions of cabi-"nets of the ſecond order! Viſions of imbe-"cility!" &c. If it be aſked, what principle is to be ſubſtituted for that of which we ſpeak, the ſame report (a ſtate paper never for a moment to be forgotten by thoſe who have to do with French negociators or ſtateſmen) will very explicitly anſwer the queſtion. The wiſdom of Buonaparte,—*his* deſtiny, which is to reign and to conquer,—the glory of *him* preſent, which *he* commands,—the dictates of neceſſity, which *he* obeys,—in ſhort, an immutable and paramount law iſſuing from *his* inſcrutable will,—this is to ſerve the nations of Europe, inſtead of all other ſafeguards to their national rights and liberties.

In truth, there can be but two ſyſtems, by which the policy of governments, with relation to each other, can reaſonably be regulated: the one is to eſtabliſh a great central ſovereignty, which ſhall, in effect, give law to all the reſt; the other is to form an equilibrium of intereſts, by which all States ſhall become guardians of the peace and independence of all. Any thing elſe would be an international anarchy, grounded on the excluſive ſelfiſhneſs of each State; ſuch, for inſtance, as prevailed, generally, in the barbarous ages, and ſuch as at preſent characteriſes the policy of the Jeffersonian ſchool in America. The ſcheme of eſtabliſhing a paramount ſovereignty in ſome ſingle ſtate, is not, however, ſo remote from human reaſon, or at leaſt from apparent practicability, as muſt at firſt ſight be conceived. It ſeems to have entered into the hopes and views of the great Mexican republic long before the diſcovery of America; it was very early and not unſucceſsfully purſued by the barbaric ſovereigns of Aſia; and at periods marked by no ſmall liberality and general civilization, it is to be diſtinctly traced in European hiſtory.

Every claſſical ſcholar is well acquainted with the ſteps by which Philip of Macedon and his ſon Alexander ſucceeded in building up what has been called the Grecian Monarchy. Notwithſtanding the diſtinct expoſition of Philip's views, which was early and repeatedly preſented to the free States of Greece by that firſt of politicians, as well as of Orators, Demoſthenes, thoſe ſtates were all ſucceſſively ſubjugated, becauſe they would not ſee, or would not adhere to, the policy of union and counterpoiſe; becauſe they were irreſolute and temporiſing; and becauſe they thought it poſſible to turn aſide the impetous courſe of ambition by meaſures of conciliation and acquieſcence. Philip triumphed, and his ſon completed the triumph; but the rapidity with which their power roſe, was but the token of its ſpeedier downfall; and no one of the Captains who ſhared Alexander's empire, was ſufficiently preponderant in dominion, to aim at placing himſelf in dignity above his Peers.

The Roman empire acquired and long maintained the ſupremacy of the known world. The ambition of Rome "grew with her growth, and ſtrengthened with her ſtrength;" and ſhe remained for ages a living proof of the worthleſs and deteſtable nature of a Power, built and ſupported on ſuch a foundation. To the inherent vices of her policy ſhe at length owed her fall; and the miſtreſs of civilization became the wretched ſlave of the barbarians over whom ſhe had tyrannized.

By what principles the ſhort-lived policy of Charlemagne was directed, it would be difficult to aſcertain. It ſeems, that he, as well as Otho the Great, and ſome ſucceeding Emperors of the middle ages, had meditated a paramount ſovereignty of the weſtern world; but the ſtate of arts, ſciences, and letters, did not then afford adequate means of developement for ſuch a plan.

We do not certainly know of any project to attain univerſal monarchy, in the ages which may properly be called modern, until the time of Charles V. and his ſon Philip, when ſuch a ſcheme was ſeriouſly undertaken by thoſe Princes, and was openly and elaborately juſtified on their part, by the Jeſuit Campanella: but that age was fertile of quick and watchful ſpirits who zealouſly promoted a general league among free Princes and States, in ſupport of their own independence. Our Elizabeth, Henry IV. of France, and William I. of Orange, were among the prime movers of that great & effectual meaſure; nor ought we to forget that Sir Philip Sidney, that accompliſhed and chivalrous young Nobleman, the pride of his country, and the admiration of foreign nations, devoted his talents and his life to the ſame noble cauſe. From that period to our own days, the ſtream of Engliſh policy has been in this reſpect ſteady and undeviating. The ſteps of Elizabeth were exactly followed by William III., who oppoſed the ſame ſchemes in the Houſe of Bourbon, which his glorious predeceſſor had defeated in that of Auſtria.

Louis XIV. diſcomfited and humbled by the perſevering bravery of King William and the Duke of Marlborough, was ſaved from his juſt puniſhment by the miſtaken, if not treacherous policy of Harley and St. John. The peace of Utrecht, however, though it did not, as it ſhould have done, incapacitate France from future aggreſſion on the common rights and repoſe of Europe, at leaſt profeſſed "to fix a real balance of power which might remain liable to as few accidents as the nature of human affairs would permit." Such were the expreſſions of Queen Anne to her Parliament, on announcing to them the negociations for this "great and good work," as every peace however degrading and diſhonourable, is uniformly ſtyled by a certain claſs of politicians. Even in thoſe days, however, and by the *pacific* faction which then prevailed, a ſalutary dread of French aggrandiſement was entertained; and any ſtateſman who had ventured to deſignate the Rhine, the Alps, and the Ocean, as the "natural boundaries of France," would have had no other alternative than that of being torn in pieces by the mob, or committed for ſafe cuſtody to Bedlam. The peace of Utrecht, in an eſpecial manner, provided for the excluſive intereſts of England, by a commercial treaty, by the ceſſion of colonies actually in French poſſeſſion, by the confirmation of conqueſts made from her and her ally, and by the demolition of the French fortreſs of Dunkirk, which threatened our coaſts; but it was not confined to theſe objects; it ſecured Germany, by the ceſſion of Briſac, Kehl, and Landau, and by raſing all the French fortreſſes on the Upper Rhine: it gave to the Dutch a ſtrong barrier, not only by the intervention of the Netherlands between them and France, but by a line of fortreſſes from Luxemburg to the Sea rendering it abſolutely impoſſible that the French ſhould break out in that quarter. In like manner the Duke of Savoy (King of Sardinia) was put in poſſeſſion of the Alpine barrier; as was Spain; (which had been detached from its dependence on France,) of the barrier of the Pyrenneas. To the French King and his Allies, no acceſſion of dignity whatever was made; but to the Britiſh Allies ſeveral were granted, particularly the confirmation of the Royal title to the King of Pruſſia, and of the Electoral rank to the Sovereign Princes of Hanover, and the Palatinate. The profeſſed object of Queen Anne was "to make her people ſome amends for the great and unequal burthen which they had lain under through the whole courſe of the war;" an object juſt and laudable in itſelf; but which being purſued to the excluſion of higher and more comprehenſive views, ultimately fruſtrated its own effect, by creating an enemy who has ſince threatened our very exiſtence as a nation. This was well foreſeen by the great Duke of Marlborough, (the Wellington of his day), who boldly declared in Parliament, "that the negociations had ſullied the triumphs and glories of her Majeſty's reign, and would render the Engliſh name odious to all other nations." The execution of the Treaty of Utrecht, it is well known, was afterwards evaded or fruſtrated by France, in ſome of its moſt eſſential articles: but the wily curators of Britiſh intereſts ſlept over the injuries done to Britiſh honour. It is worthy of obſervation, too, that the principal bribe which England accepted for her modera-

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tion towards the French King, was a monopoly of the *Slave Trade!* The men who pretended to be influenced by *humanity*, in concluding a peace disgraceful to their country, were those who bargained for the infamous *Assiento*, for supplying the Spanish colonies with negroes.

Bad and imperfect as the peace of Utrecht was, it nevertheless established the principle of a balance of power, as an axiom in European politics, which, however some might endeavour partially to elude, no one dreamt of controverting. "Governments" (said Count Hertzberg, in 1783) "hold themselves always ready, not only to defend their own States, but also to protect those of their neighbours against an ambitious conqueror, and that even without being obliged to do so by any treaty." Such was the general spirit of international policy in Europe, (subject, as all human affairs are, to errors and aberrations in practice), until the breaking out of that fatal revolution, which is still going on in France. The revolutionists began, by setting at nought every principle, on which the virtue and happiness of man had for ages before been supposed to rest. What wonder that citizen Genet should describe the immortal works of Grotius and Pufendorf as "musty volumes?" What wonder that citizen Buonaparte should characterise "the system of balances, of guarantees, of counterpoise, and political equilibrium," as "pompous illusions," and "visions of imbecility." These Revolutionists—for they are one perpetual corporate body working (at least in this respect) upon one identical plan and system of policy—have made a good harvest of the subversion of international law. Buonaparté is the *ultimus hæres* to all the frauds and spoliations of Brissot, Danton, Robespierre, and Barras. By their joint labours and his own, he has acquired the vast extent of territory, beyond the bounds of France, which he now calls part of his empire. It is consistent with his scheme of policy, that he should hold that, and more, too, if he can get it; but it is totally inconsistent with our scheme of policy, that he should be allowed so to do. A balance of power, according to the wise, manly, and liberal notions of our ancestors, cannot exist, if France be suffered to possess a population of thirty-nine millions of men. Every step that she made toward the acquisition of that enormous power gave other nations a right, nay, rendered it their duty, to interfere and curb her ambition. And by what title does she, or rather does her Ruler, now pretend to hold the greater part of her recent acquisitions? By the right plainly set forth in the ever-memorable report above quoted—the *will* of Buonaparté. *Stat pro ratione voluntas.* If we voluntarily leave in his possession territories so acquired, we, in effect, submit to his will as a law; we sanction his title; we become guarantees of his system. After this, it would be idle to talk of a balance of Power!

I. S.

PARLIAMENTARY CRITICISM.

MR. PONSONBY.

I am no friend to political creeds or party-badges, for besides the servility of putting on a livery, it is a ridculous presumption in any set of men to pretend to the exclusive possession of all that is enlightened or honest, and to denounce every man as weak or corrupt who does not chuse to be enclosed within their belt of possible pales. I do not deny the use of parties in a Government so constituted as that of England, though except for the purposes of personal aggrandizement, I doubt whether the thickest phalanx which was ever marshalled against a ministry would produce one half of that solid benefit to the country which may result from the sensible speech of an independent, unsupported Member. The great disadvantage of a systematic opposition is its necessity of attacking every project of the existing Administration, whether good or bad, so that twice out of four times it must almost necessarily be wrong; for I suppose it is presumable on every principle of common sense and human conduct, that no Ministry will be gratuitously wicked, that on the contrary they will act rightly if they can, and on a combination of the doctrine of chances with the usual rules of action, one may conclude that it is quite as probable that the Prime Minister will act well as ill. All this is perfectly known to the Opposition; but then they are a great body with a vast number of hungry retainers, and they must fight for place and forage; and as the laws of war are not remarkable for the niceness of their morality, it is of little consequence whether they attack an offending or an innocent territory. This sort of petty warfare of course destroys the respectability of the body using it, and its public usefulness must decrease in the same ratio as the public confidence.

With this view of party-objects, it is not likely that I should be very anxious to enlist myself under any particular banner; still when a person has undertaken to canvass the conduct of political men, it seems quite natural to enquire into his individual opinions, whether he be Tory, Whig, or Reformer. With the best attention which I have been able to give to the Constitution of my country, & a zealous examination of the causes of its grandeur and strength, I profess myself an ardent admirer of the principles of Whiggism; in other words, I venerate that wise maxim which referring the origin of all power to the people, allows only such an exercise of the delegated authority as shall contribute to the general weal, and which looking upon princes and governors only as persons ennobled by the sublime importance of their functions, frowns with indignation on the courtly flattery which would make a nation's welfare subservient to a private opinion. But though I love Whiggism, I cannot extend this feeling to its professors; for the Whigs themselves I feel the most violent distaste, whether they be of modern or ancient date; I am equally disgusted with the turbulent profligacy of Lord SHAFTESBURY, the elegant cowardice of Lord SOMERS, the sordid dishonesty of Mr. PULTENEY, and the inaccessible pride of Lord * GREY. One name indeed the Whigs may boast, their glory, and the glory of his country, the gentlest, the firmest, and the honestest of human beings, whose heart more than any man's seems to have been purged from all hateful and malignant passions, and to have opened itself with equal zeal to private friendship and the public good. Mr. Fox, after the first indiscretions of his youth, never lost sight of the great principles of his profession, and his frank simplicity of manners formed a beautiful concord with the popular tendencies of his political conduct. But let not this illustrious name be confounded with those dull and pompous Aristocrats, who assuming a popular title for private purposes, despise equally popular feelings and popular sentiments, who bolstered up with heaps of wealth, and stiffened into one compact mass by family alliance, with cold selfishness turn their backs at once on the Monarch and the nation, and never think or speak of the people, except perhaps once a Sessions to point a sentence, or build a climax. Are such men constitutional advocates of a people's rights? are they even a healthy part of the body politic of England? No! they are indolent and indurated tumours equally dangerous by their stay or their removal, but which it is the interest both of the King and people to soften or disperse as much as possible by their united skill and energy. They are the powerful obstacle in the way of all reform, yet dare to retain a name which throws shame and inconsistency on all their actions and all their sentiments. Let me except one eminent character "who bears no token of these sable streams," though sometimes engulphed in their general vortex. For Lord HOLLAND, it is impossible not to feel the deepest respect; his open disposition and honest feelings remind one every moment of his great relative, while his fine good sense enlarged and liberalized into philosophy, shews that if his talents are not so prodigious as those of his uncle, they are at least of the same sterling nature.

But I must beg pardon for keeping Mr. PONSONBY so long in waiting; his rank, as leader of the Whig Opposition, suggested these remarks, and must excuse my delay in bringing forward for public view so conspicuous a personage.

It is a novel and not very pleasant feature in the Whig-regiment, that its leader is an Irishman: genius and worth are indeed of all countries, and what Englishman would not be proud to be directed by Burke or Sheridan, or Grattan, as far as intellect is concerned? I am, however, yet to learn, and the nation has yet to learn, what are the intellectual pretensions of Mr. Ponsonby, whence it is that no Englishman can be found, of at least equal abilities, to fill the usual post, and why, *cæteris paribus*, a heavy Irish lawyer, but newly acquainted here, is to be selected by preference for that place, which, from various circumstances, seems to demand a man bred up in English habits, and thoroughly acquainted with English manners and customs. The reason seems to be his close connection with most of the great aristocratical families, or what perhaps is of still more consequence, that the Whigs who are pledged to him do not know what else to do with him. Certainly a worse leader could not have been chosen: a man who fills that important situation should have extensive knowledge, commanding eloquence, perpetual vigilance, and last, though not the most trifling qualification, pleasing and conciliating manners. Let us examine Mr. Ponsonby by this standard. It is said that he was an excellent Chancellor, which implies that he has considerable erudition in his profession; and though a vain and selfish Englishman is apt to laugh when you talk of lawyers out of England, yet the law must be allowed to be a well-cultivated science in a country which has produced such men as Plunkett, Curran, and Burroughs. I will suppose, therefore, that Mr. PONSONBY is a [illegible] lawyer, though with a curious abuse of courtesy the phrase of "learned Gentleman" which usually is given to legal members, is dropped with reference to him. Is he ashamed of his business, or would the title which is borne by Sir Samuel Romilly disgrace Mr. George Ponsonby? Be this as it may, the knowledge of law seems almost the only knowledge possessed by this gentleman. He does not speak very often, but in all the speeches which I have heard, I cannot recollect any happy historical applications, any illustrations from those arts or sciences which ought to be to a certain extent familiar to every gentleman's mind, no allusions borrowed from the sublime fictions of poetry, at once to embellish and strengthen the cause of truth. All this, and tenfold more than this, were found in Mr. Fox: and some of this may of right be expected from any person who puts himself forward as the intellectual leader of a band of well-educated gentlemen. Has he any eloquence? This question may best be answered by saying that he is never animated: nothing seems to rouse him except personal pique, and then he is warm without spirit, like the sullen, uncomfortable heat before a thunder-storm. Subjects of the deepest interest, occasions which electrify men of the usual feelings, are all met by him with the same dull measured offerings of a scanty understanding. Thus he is the coldest debater of the catholic claims among the Irish members, and even at the dinner given to the catholic delegates, where the social glow of honestly-indulged feelings seemed to elevate every mind for a time into a moral enthusiasm, Mr. Ponsonby offered a few trite dogmas in his usual *bow-wow* way, neither his thoughts being raised nor his feelings warmed by the noble spectacle around him. What however most unfits this statesman for his imposing situation is his habitual and apparently incurable indolence. A person who goes into the House of Commons for the first time must be rather puzzled with his appearance. He sees a stout and rather ungainly Gentleman not remarkably well dressed, with dirty boots and old unbrushed hat, sitting cross-legged, and his head almost sunk in his breast, as if asleep after the fatigues of a fox-chace. The sleepy personage then doffs his hat and rises; his unpolished manner and grim features hold forth but little promise; with the aid of jumping, and violent jerking of his head, which like the cadence of a mallet, which it imitates, seem a most appropriate exemplification of a knock-down argument, he gives utterance to about a score of sentences. The stranger expresses some surprise; and exclaims, "Why really that Country Gentlemen says some sensible things: but pray, Sir, dsn't you think his manner not exactly the thing in a polished assembly?" What then is his astonishment when he learns that the person of whom he is speaking so disrespectfully is the chief of the aristocratical faction, and considered as the fittest person to conciliate and preserve the confidence of the people. What would be his astonishment if he should attend every day for a session, and should observe that this leader of a party could not prevail upon himself to rise a dozen times during the whole season: that questions of vast importance were suffered to pass without one single observation: that when Mr. Whitbread brought forward his motion on the American war, neither the Whigs nor their leader were to be seen at their post: that when the cause of an injured Princess occupied the thoughts and feelings of a whole nation, Mr. Ponsonby had nothing to remark except a few words in defence of his political friends: and lastly, when the Parliament was legislating for the interests of an almost boundless empire, Mr. Ponsonby, after one or two puny efforts on a subject which he allows to be of incalculable importance, steals away to the other side of the Channel, to follow foxhounds in his county of Kildare. After this, it will seem mere anticlimax to state that there is nothing prepossessing in his appearance, or conciliatory in his manners, nothing to please the eye or soothe the senses, in the absence of those greater qualities which command conviction and enforce regard. After all, I am not so foolish as to imagine or to wish that I could convince any person that Mr. Ponsonby has no claims to respect. He is a sensible, well-headed man, with too much [illegible] ridicule by any attempts beyond [illegible] but except on the score of family [illegible] fitted for his post than the [illegible] party. Some persons think [illegible] he certainly has some skill in [illegible] he exercises it on the paltry [illegible] stead of bravely attacking the chiefs of the party. The official fidgetness, self-importance, and small shotted anger of Mr. W. Pole were fair game, but why should the Right Hon. Leader of the Whigs waste his ammunition on such mean opponents as Messrs. Croker and Courtney. It was not so that Mr. Fox exalted the dignity of his character. But enough, and more than enough, has been said of a man, about whom the public feels as little curiosity as about his footman. Mr. Ponsonby is said to be fond of fox-hunting, and to have regretted the day when he left that intellectual amusement for politics: let him go back to it—he will not be missed; if he kills but one fox in a season he will do more service to the common weal, than by whole years of stiff reluctant lazy sitting on a bench, which was once adorned by Fox, and which since Mr. Whitbread will not take it, hoping to be more useful elsewhere, may yet be filled by Brougham.

CRITICUS.

* It is not my intention to invade the sanctuary of private life, but in justice to Lord GREY I must say that he is reported to be as gentle and good-natured in private life, as in public he is stiff, arrogant, and supercilious.

MR. PITT SAID TO BE NOW ALIVE.

Strange as it may appear, there are several persons in this metropolis who positively assert that the late Prime Minister of England, the Right Honourable Wm. Pitt is now alive! As we are assured, one Murray, a tradesman in Westminster, who formerly was employed by Mr. Pitt in various subordinate matters, is willing to make oath, that he has repeatedly seen and conversed with the Right Honourable Gentleman. Nay, he asserts that Mr. Pitt, who, on his reported decease, was in debt 30*l.* to the said tradesman, has actually returned him the money within these few months, and even promised to procure him a place, if he would cease to molest him; but that he has not kept his word.—According to Mr. Murray's statement, Mr. Pitt wishes to remain *incog.* and therefore passes under the name of *Chapman*: he has been seen to pass both on foot and on horseback, in Downing-street and over Westminster bridge; and on one occasion, when this person addressed him as Mr. Pitt, and threatened to expose him, if he did not pay him his bill, Mr. Pitt took refuge in a glover's shop, and got rid of the dun by promising to see him paid.—Other persons, it is also solemnly affirmed, have watched the person described as Mr. Pitt, and they are equally convinced that he is actually that Right Honourable Gentleman.—Mr. Whitbread, it is added, was applied to on this perplexing business, and the alleged Mr. Pitt attended at his house in Dover-street; when Mr. Whitbread, on view of the Gentleman, gave it under his handwriting, that he was not that Right Honourable Person, being considerably shorter; although he confessed, that there was a very striking resemblance between the Gentleman's leathern breeches and those usually worn by the deceased Premier.

Notwithstanding this apparently decisive opinion of Mr. W. the persons alluded to still maintain, that Mr. Chapman is no other person than Mr. Pitt; and that Mr. W. has some motive for concealing him; and a pamphlet is now in the press, containing it is said, *undoubted proofs*, of the fact.—In the mean time, as it may well be supposed, there is much talk on this extraordinary subject.—Some affirm, that at the period of Mr. Pitt's reported death, he had abundant reason for wishing to retire from public life and therefore took the mode of pretending to be ill, to die, and to be buried, in order effectually to hide himself from the world.—It must allowed that there is some weight in this argument.—Others contend, that this appearance is not Mr. Pitt himself, but his ghost; and as spirits are known, they say, to haunt the spot which, when in the flesh, they delighted in, this accounts for its appearance in Downing-street and Westminster.—This opinion has been objected to by an ancient gentlewoman, who cannot believe that a ghost would make its appearance in leather breeches and boots, for had never read or heard of any such thing:—but a reputable spinster has differed with the old lady on this point, observing, that as Mr. Pitt was remarkable when alive for his prodigious modesty, he certainly would not think of appearing without decent covering even as a shade; and, however unpoetical such a dress might be, she thought the leathern articles altogether proper and decorous.—A devout dealer in gunpowder, who has made a fortune by the Pitt system, has been heard to declare, that he has no doubt Mr. Pitt did die as represented, but that he has risen from the dead;—and he attributes it to the glorious news of the new grand coalition against France, which, he says, having reached the knowledge of Mr. Pitt, it was impossible he could be quiet under such gratifying intelligence.—However specious this opinion may appear, it cannot be well founded, as Mr. Murray affirms that he has seen Mr. Pitt, *alias* Mr. Chapman, for a considerable time past, indeed before the last Russian campaign.

For our own parts, though we know we shall be accused of being sceptical in our opinion, we cannot but confess, that we have some doubts as to the truth of this story, though we by no means intend to impeach the credit of our informant, who appears to be a man of veracity and a true believer.—The case is a knotty one; and as it partakes something of the ludicrous, persons disposed to be merry may see in it nothing but a subject for ridicule; but they will do well to suspend their jokes till they have the "undoubted proofs" before them, which are immediately to be published at length.—Our readers may rely upon our paying a proper attention to this most interesting affair, and by our next, we hope to ascertain the truth of the story, and whether, as is said, Mr. Pitt was last week seen viewing the monument to his memory just opened in Westminster Abbey. *Examiner.*

MR. PITT REDIVIVUS.

It may startle our readers to advance such an opinion, but really the most vivacious persons, now living, and making the most noise in the world, seem to be dead men. We have lately seen, for instance Berthier, the Prince of Neufchatel, lying dead in the newspapers at Dresden, and lost of course to his master in the midst of his distresses:—*he* is now Major General again of the French armies, as active and alive as ever, and set off the other day with Napoleon in a coach and four. Napoleon himself, as is well known, was assassinated many years back, since which time he has more than once met his death in a similar way, and is now, with a want of sympathy hardly to be expected in a dead man, preparing for new scenes of slaughter in Germany. Even the late Queen of France, we find, thinks it unbecoming her former vivacity to be a morbid spectator of these matters, and has been writing letters to her nephew the Austrian Emperor, inciting him to take arms against Buonaparte. But few people, we believe, expected to see Mr. Pitt in motion again, notwithstanding these new coalitions. We have been in the habit, it is true, of talking of a kind of metaphorical existence of his,—of saying that he survived in his measures, and was manifest in such and such a proceeding, but the most enthusiastic even of those who call him "immor-

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tal," would never have expected to hear of him in *propria persona*, taking the air as if nothing had happened, or walking up Downing-street in a pair of posthumous leather-breeches.

That assertions to this effect have been made we stated last Sunday, and the regular account having been published, we proceed to lay the particulars of it before our readers:

One *Francis Murray*, now of Green-street, Lambeth, locksmith, was in 1788 employed as a constable to watch the French Emigrants here, in which service he expended 30*l*., but his immediate employer (Mr. Mason) dying abroad, and Mr Pitt, as it was said, having died in January 1806, he lost all hopes of getting his money.—Passing, however, along London-road, St. George's-fields, one evening in November 1806, he met Mr. Pitt on horseback. From this time, being well acquainted with Mr. Pitt, having seen him every week for 20 years together, *Murray* began to talk of the circumstance (first taking care to watch and see the Right Hon. Gentleman several times), in consequence of which he was deemed by some a madman, and by others an impostor, by which he lost his connexions in trade, which made him rather backward in the business. Still he kept on watching, till 1808, and traced Mr. Pitt to Richardson's stable-yard in Westminster-road, where he went by the name of *Chapman*. Calling again at these stables about a week after, he was informed that the gentleman had removed his horses to Somers's stables, opposite the Asylum. Here he watched, and in three or four days saw Mr. Pitt enter the place, leave his horse, and proceed on foot to Lord Castlereagh's Office in St. James's Park. *Murray* followed; and at the door of the Office challenged him as being "no other than the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, late Prime minister of England; *where upon he looked exceedingly terrified, and hastened in doors without speaking a word!*"—About a fortnight after, he again met Mr. Pitt in a gig, when he again challenged him; upon which he bowed and drove off. In April 1809, he also challenged him at the door of Lord Liverpool's Office, when he looked terrified as before. In the evening, *Murray*, accompanied by a friend, saw Mr. Pitt pass Westminster-bridge, *escorted by four Bow-street horse patroles*. In September, October, and November, 1811, he saw, accosted, and conversed with Mr. Pitt several times, on one of which occasions, he said, in a low tone of voice, "You are all mistaken."—In June 1812, he again stopped Mr. Pitt in the street, and demanded his money: upon which, says *Murray*, "finding he had no means of escape, he gave me his word and honour, that he would inquire into the particulars, and that I should be paid."—Nothing, however, being done, though Mr. Pitt said he had written to Mr. Conant the Magistrate on the subject, *Murray* called upon the Magistrate, who said that "he must go to the Treasury and inquire for Mr. Chapman, for in that name he passed, and that he was one of the clerks."—He accordingly went off to the Treasury, saw Mr. Pitt coming out of Lord Liverpool's Office, told him of his visit to Mr. Conant, and explained to him the nature of his demand but nothing then followed. On the 10th of July 1812, he again accosted Mr. Pitt, in the presence of 20 or 30 bye-standers, at Gallen's livery-stables in King-street, when Mr. Pitt told him plainly, "that all his pains were useless." Here *Murray* says he lost all patience, called the Right Hon. Gentleman a shuffler, an impostor, a traitor—and threatened to take him to the bar of the House of Commons and expose him to all the world!—Mr. Pitt made no reply, but hung down his head, and drove off.

About this time, the indefatigable *Murray* called upon Mr. Whitbread, and gave him some papers on the subject, which he promised read. On the 12th July, he was going to Lord Holland's at Kensington to tell him of the circumstance, when he met Mr. Whitbread coming out, who expressed his surprise that he should still persist in his assertions respecting Mr. Pitt, and asked when he saw him last?—After some conversation, it was agreed that a meeting should take place in Parliament-street, on Monday the 13th.—Mr. Whitbread, about six o'clock on that day, came out of the House of Commons with another gentleman; said he could not attend himself, but that the gentleman present knew Mr. Pitt very well, and he would go with him. They went into King-street, and *Murray* pointed out Mr. Pitt. The gentleman desired *Murray* to go back; which he pretended to do, but watched them. When the gentleman came up to Mr. Pitt, *Murray* heard him say, "*For God's sake, turn back, turn back Sir; you are discovered.*"—*Murray* followed them: they at last stood still, and beckoned him. The gentleman in company with Mr. Pitt asked *Murray* if he knew who he was? *Murray* replied, that he was Mr. Pitt. The gentleman then said, his name is *Chapman*.—*Murray* said that it was false; his name was Pitt.—They desired him not to speak so loud, and put on his hat.—After some further conversation, it was settled that he should go to Mr. Whitbread's the next morning. He did so, but the meeting was postponed till the 24th when all the parties were to assemble there. Suspecting that some mischief was plotting against him, *Murray* wrote a letter to Mr. W. which his wife carried. Having, she says, arrived at Mr. W.'s, she was waiting in the hall when Mr. Pitt came in and walked into the front parlour; that while she was there, several ill-looking fellows were let in and sent down stairs. Mr. Pitt and Mr. Whitbread having remained in conference for about a quarter of an hour, Mrs. Murray was called before them, when the following dialogue took place:—

"*Mr. W.* I presume you are Mrs. Murray?—A. Yes.

"*Mr. W.* This is the gentleman your husband takes to be Mr. Pitt, but he is not Mr. Pitt: he is tall, to be sure, like Mr. Pitt, and he wears leather breeches and looks like Mr. Pitt; but his features are not like Mr. Pitt; his hair, his complexion, his limbs, nor his feet, are not like Mr. Pitt. Does your husband mean to extort money under false pretences?—A. Dear me, no; that I'm sure he does not. Well, I am sure, Sir, if the gentleman is not the real gentleman, it is a pity but he had put a stop to this business before.

"*Mr. P.* Does any body else say I am Mr Pitt besides your husband?—A. I do not know, Sir, much about that. I have heard some say you are the real gentleman, and I believe it myself as well as many others; and there are those again who will have it to be all false.

"*Mr. P.* Why, if I were to pay this 30*l*. the world would say I was the man.

"*Mr. W.* Aye; but this is not Mr. Pitt, and on my oath it is not Mr. Pitt. Is your husband right here? *(pointing to his forehead.)*—A. Lord, yes! I never knew any thing the matter with him, and I have been married to him these 33 years."

Mr. Whitbread here wrote the following Note to Mr. Murray, with which he dismissed his wife:—

"*Mr. Murray.*—I am very sorry you could not come. Your wife and child are here, and in their presence, and in the presence of *Mr. Chapman*, who is here also, and who is the man you mistake for Mr. Pitt, I write that it is not Mr. Pitt.—He is thin and wears leather breeches, and in these circumstances alone he resembles Mr. Pitt. His features are not like Mr. Pitt, his complexion is not like Mr. Pitt, his hair is not like Mr. Pitt, his limbs and feet are not like Mr. Pitt, and he is not so tall as Mr. Pitt.—Upon my oath, he is not Mr. Pitt. I therefore say to you, after this solemn assurance, you must be satisfied and quiet. I entreat you to let this close the matter for ever.—Your friend.

"S. WHITBREAD."

"*Dover-street, July 24, 1812.*"

Upon the receipt of this conclusive letter, *Murray* was much exasperated, and sallied out in quest of Mr. Pitt, whom he met going out of town in the evening. He stopped him, and asked whether that was the way he meant to pay him, by attempting to immure him in a mad-house? "I abused and threatened him," says *Murray*, "in the presence of the mob, who gathered round: he appeared much terrified, and said, *Don't threaten, for that is not the way to get your money.*"—On the 28th, he received a letter from Mr. Conant, stating, that if he would call at his office, he had orders to do something for him; and on the 23d of August, *Murray* received from Mr. Conant 12*l*. out of the 30*l*. due to him.—Finding he could get nothing more then, he resolved to petition Parliament, and left a Petition with Sir Francis Burdett. Sir Francis sent a gentleman to the Police Office and to the Treasury, to know who it was that had offered the payment of the 12*l*. "He answered," says *Murray*, "that the pretended Mr. Chapman did not belong to the Treasury, but to the Colonial Office: on a strict inquiry, he proved him to be the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt."—Through the medium of this gentleman, a negociation was opened, and on the 5th January, 1813, *Murray* received, in the hall of Sir F. Burdett's house in Piccadilly, a check on Mr. Courtier for 20*l*. by the hands of a Mr. Butts; for which he gave a receipt, and signed a promise that he would never again challenge Mr. Chapman or make any further demand upon him, they having first promised, he says, to procure him a place, to compensate him for his loss of time, &c.

On the 17th of March last *Murray* says he met Mr. Pitt, *arm in arm with Mr. Chapman*, in Little Portland-street. Mr. Pitt called out, "Murray, Murray?" and asked him if he had got his situation. He said, no.—Mr. Pitt said, he had spoken for him, and would speak again.—In May, *Murray* presented a letter to Mr. Abbott, the Speaker, concerning this promise; Mr. Abbott merely said, he had no authority over that department.—On the first of August, he met Mrs. Sparrow, widow of a King's Messenger; he told her, that if Mr. Pitt did not perform his promise, he would fulfil his, and he knew what that was.—On the 7th, he received a letter from Mr. Conant, desiring him to attend at the office on the 9th. He did so, and suspecting what they were about, took three neighbours with him as bail. Mrs. Sparrow attended and swore, that he had threatened Mr. Chapman's life.—*Murray* denied having mentioned the name of *Chapman*. After some hesitation, the Magistrate sent for Mr. Chapman, who in about two hours made his appearance.—Upon his entry, *Murray* said, that he was not Mr. Chapman, but the Right Hon. Wm. Pitt, of which he was prepared to make oath.—Mr. Pitt, alias Mr. Chapman, here demanded what all this meant?—*Murray* said, he was brought there to prosecute him, and he insisted that he should be bound over for that purpose.—Mr. Chapman asked what he should prosecute him for?—*Murray* then reminded him of his promise to get him a place; which he did not deny, but said he had it not in his power.—He then asked, if the bail had any personal knowledge of Mr. Pitt?—One said, he had not the honour of knowing him, but he knew enough of Murray's character to believe what he offered to swear to.—Another replied, "I do not recollect having seen Mr. Pitt, *before he rose from the dead; but I am sure I see him now.*"

"*Mr. Pitt.* Where did you know me Murray?—A. At St. James's, your Honour.

"*Mr. Pitt.* You may have seen me get into my carriage.—A. Yes; and many a time have I helped you into your carriage.

"*Mr. Pitt.* How is that?—A. When your servants were out of the way, and gone to take refreshment, and did not expect you so soon."

No inclination being shown to let the law take its course. *Murray* took his hat and left the office with his bail, first saying, "Gentlemen, you seem to make *a laugh* of this business: you now see who is right and who is wrong: here is my bail, if you chuse to take it. You will rather, perhaps, chuse to take a few days consideration; do so, if you like it: you know where to find me: I am forthcoming at any hour."

"Being well aware of the childish notion which has been entertained on the subject of my imputed madness, I hereby engage to bring forward 500 respectable persons to refute that silly suggestion. (signed) "F. MURRAY."

[See the *Englishman's Statement of Facts*, printed by E. Thomas, Clare-court.]

Our readers will perceive at a glance the whole history of this absurdity. The poor man has evidently mistaken a Mr. Chapman for Mr. Pitt, and has haunted him in consequence. Upon inquiry, it may have appeared that money was due to him, and therefore the money, very properly, has been paid. The mode indeed of paying it does not seem to have been the best in the world; but there is something in a circumstance of this kind that tends to disconcert peoples minds, and to throw them upon halfmeasures and parrying alternatives. Mr. Chapman doubtless thought his annoyer insane, and seems to have acted with much tenderness in consequence, never suspecting perhaps that if he had entered into a grave explanation, the mind of the latter would have been at all open to conviction. This is scarcely to be wondered at, when we see with what stubbornness the poor man persisted in taking only one view of the circumstances that arose when in fact they would have argued equally as well, and in general much better, for an opposite one. Thus he finds the supposed Mr. Pitt riding and walking about at noon-day in the most public streets, and even frequenting the public offices, and concludes from that circumstance that there is an *agreement* among his acquaintances not to notice him, whereas the publicity of the thing might have shewn him that no man, whose affairs were in so peculiar a situation, and whose interest it was to be so entirely concealed, could have ventured on such a display. Then he accosts the same gentleman at a door, and because the latter looks terrified or confused at being challenged as the late Mr. Pitt, finds proof positive against him in his alarm; whereas confusion and terror are the first feelings that most people would exhibit on being accosted in a similar manner. The haste of Mr. Chapman to get away,—his patience on another occasion under Murray's abuse,—his endeavouring to soothe him on others out of his loud tone of voice when forced to attend to him,—and even his escort of four Bow-street patroles, (it indeed they were really escorting him) are incidents of a similar description, but the other sees them only in one particular light; nor does the talking with Mr. Astley,—the being seen arm in arm with an Admiral,—the going in at Lord Castlereagh's office,—the appeal to Mr. Whitbread a popular statesman,—nor finally, the appearance before a public Magistrate, afford this unlucky gentleman a jot the more quarter from his assailant, who sees in the whole of these circumstances nothing but an insidious attempt on the part of a prime minister to keep himself secret.

In short, the idea of *resemblance* never seems to have entered the man's mind;—it never seems to have struck him that two persons might be remarkably like each other without being the same, though such coincidences are continually occuring to people, and it is not uncommon for intimate acquaintances to mistake strangers whom they pass for their friends, and even to accost them as such. He puts us in mind of a foolish porter of whom we have read in an an Eastern tale, and who was inveigled to drown a couple of drunken hunch-backs, that had a brother exactly resembling them. The porter was first employed in consigning one of them to the river, and on coming back for his money was persuaded in order to send the other after him that it was really the same person, and had succeeded somehow or other in coming to life again. The porter dispatches the second hunch-back accordingly, and returning a second time, quite sure of his work, unluckily encounters the third brother, coming home from a jovial party with a lanthorn in his hand. "I was walking along," said the poor fellow, —(for he is relating his story to one of those inquisitive persons a Sultan)—"I was walking along, thinking I had settled his business, and *there* I met him again, roaring and singing as if nothing had happened, and running up against me just for all the world as if he hadn't had his quietus."—But this, it will be said, is a tale. Our ci-devant constable, who has been used to political business, will find something perhaps more to our purpose in the surprising history of Simnel and Perkin Warbeck; but in case these also should fail him, we recommend to his attention the following account of what took place in Yorkshire, not a hundred years back, when people wore leather breeches as now:—

"In 1727, one Thomas Geddeley lived as a waiter with Mrs. Williams, who kept a public-house at York. She was thought to be rich. One morning her desk was found broken open and rifled, and Geddeley disappearing at this moment, no doubt was entertained that he was the robber. About a year after, a man calling himself James Crow came to York and worked as a porter. He was accosted by many as Thomas Geddeley, and Mrs. Williams being sent for she instantly singled him out in the midst of many people, called him Geddeley, and charged him with unfaithfulness and ingratitude in robbing her.—It was in vain that he denied having ever been at York before, and asserted that his name was Crow: he was hurried before a Magistrate, and being unable to give a good account of himself, but rather admitting that he led a vagabond life, he was committed to prison, for trial.—when arraigned at the York Assizes, he persisted in his former statement; but Mrs. Williams and several others swearing that he was the identical Thomas Geddeley who lived with her when she was robbed, and who absconded directly after,—and a girl servant deposing that she saw him that very morning in the room where the desk was broken open, with a poker in his hand, he was found guilty of the robbery, being unable to prove an *alibi*. He was shortly afterwards executed, protesting his innocence to the latest hour.—And so it proved; for some time after, the true Thomas Geddeley was taken up at Dublin and executed for a robbery, but before his death he confessed that he was the person who had committed the theft at York. A Gentleman of York, who happened to be at Dublin at the time of Geddeley's trial, and who knew him when he lived with Mr. Williams, declared that the resemblance between the two men was so exceedingly great, that it was next to impossible to distinguish them asunder."—*See considerations on the Criminal Proceedings of this Country*, &c. p. 130.

To the Editor of the Bombay Gazette.

MR. EDITOR,

It is perhaps not generally known that the desert tract called by the natives "Run" which divides Cattiwar from Kutch, is the resort of the wild ass, which I have heard people affirm to be found only in the deserts of Persia—should the following few remarks appear of sufficient interest pray insert them in your excellent paper.

Some time ago taking a ride on the banks of the Run I discovered several herds of those curious animals amounting to sixty or seventy, & wishing to have a nearer view, I galloped towards them, and although mounted on a horse of proved speed, I never could approach nearer than 20 yards, and they did not appear to be at their speed.—A dog which accompained me was close at their heels, when they turned and pursued him with an angry snorting noise.

This ass which is by the natives called Khur, (the Persian appellation of that animal,) is considerably longer than in its tame state—the body is of an ash colour, which gradually fading, becomes a dirty white under the belly. The ears and shoulder stripe resemble, as far as I could judge, those of the common kind; but its head seemed much longer, and its limbs more roughly and strongly formed. The natives of this country describe the Khur as excessively watchful,—So that it is caught with difficulty—It breeds on the banks of the Run, and on the salt islands in the center of that tract—It brouzes on the saline and stunted vegetation found in the desert, and in November and December, advances into the country in herds of hundreds, to the utter destruction of the grain fields. This animal is occasionally caught in pits and is found to be fierce and untamable. They bite and kick in the most dangerous manner, accompanied by the angry snorting, which appears to be their only voice. Their flesh is esteemed good food, by some of the lowest casts of natives, who lye in wait for them near the drinking places. I must not omit to notice a singular idea which is entertained in the country regarding this ass, which is that the old male castrates many of the male colts of his herd, with his teeth, shortly after they are born; I am not prepared at present to assert that it is the case, but I am told that an entire male is seldom or ever killed, therefore they must have been gelded by some means or other. From the little I have yet seen of this animal it appears to resemble in many respects the wild male found in the Western deserts of Tartary, but should the circumstance of the wild ass being found to inhabit part of India be of interest to any of your readers, a longer stay among our long eared neighbours may afford a further insight in to their *manners, habits* and *customs*, three heads of constant and anxious research among our Indian literati.

CAMP KATTIWAR.

BOMBAY.—PRINTED FOR THE Proprietors, BY M. D. CRUZ, Number 10 *MILITARY SQUARE*,
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